

BLACK MAGIC

TRUE AMAZING
ACCOUNTS OF THE
STRANGEST STORIES
EVER TOLD!

magazine

WELL, DON'T! BECAUSE
I'M NOT GOING TO HUNT
SOMETHING THAT GOT
OUT OF ITS GRAVE--A
THING WITH EMPTY
SOCKETS WHICH ARE
NOW SPORTING THIS
GUY'S BABY
BLUE EYES!

I-I WAS AFRAID
WE'D FIND HIM THIS
WAY! HE'S DEAD! AND,
HE HAS NO EYES!
THEY'RE GONE—AND,
I'M AFRAID TO SAY
WHO TOOK THEM.



Read—
"AN EYE FOR AN EYE"



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I WANTED TO BE AN ARTIST!



AFTER HIGH SCHOOL I HAD TO TAKE A JOB I HATED. MY FAMILY NEEDED THE MONEY. IT WAS DULL, HARD WORK.



BUT AT HOME IN MY SPARE TIME I SKETCHED AND PAINTED MY FRIENDS. ALL SAID I COULD REALLY DRAW. I WANTED TO BE AN ARTIST!

HOW I ENVIED THE GIRL ARTISTS AT THE STORE WHERE I CLERKED! THEY GOT THREE TIMES MY PAY... AND FOR SUCH EXCITING, INTERESTING WORK! BUT HOW COULD I BECOME AN ARTIST? I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW FOR SURE IF I HAD REAL ART TALENT!



ART DEPARTMENT



THEN ONE NIGHT I READ ABOUT AN EXCITING FREE ART TALENT TEST I SENT FOR THE TEST THAT SAME NIGHT.

IN A FEW DAYS MY FREE TALENT TEST CAME IN THE MAIL. I COULD HARDLY WAIT TO GET TO MY ROOM ALONE AND START THE TEST. IT WAS LOTS OF FUN TO TAKE — AND I LEARNED FROM IT, TOO!

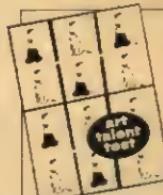


THIS IS A FINE TEST. IT CERTAINLY SHOWS THAT YOU HAVE VALUABLE ART TALENT. WELL TEACH YOU TO DEVELOP THAT TALENT OF YOURS IN YOUR SPARE TIME.

I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HAPPY!



NOW I'M A TRAINED PROFESSIONAL ARTIST... WELL PAID, LOOKED UP TO, IN LOVE WITH MY JOB. AND JUST LOOK AT MY ART DIRECTOR! HONESTLY, GAL — IF YOU LIKE TO DRAW OR PAINT YOU SHOULD TAKE THE FREE ART TALENT TEST, TOO. YOU CAN! →



Find out if your art talent is worth money. Take the amazing Free Talent Test. No Charge. No obligation.
MAIL COUPON TODAY!

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Dept. 10533 • 500 South 4th St.
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Please send me Free Art Talent Test.

Name _____

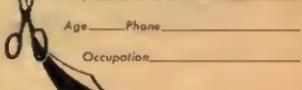
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County _____ State _____

Age _____ Phone _____

Occupation _____



ROGER PARRIS WAS THE KIND OF MAN WHO GAVE NOTHING AWAY-- WITHOUT GETTING FULL VALUE IN RETURN. NOT EVEN DEATH COULD STOP HIM FROM TRADING...

an EYE FOR AN EYE!



THEY SAY THAT WHEN A MAN IS NEAR DEATH HE REPENTS. THAT A MAN'S LAST HOURS OR DAYS ARE A TIME OF ATONEMENT, OF REGRET FOR PAST SINS AND SELFISHNESS. **ROGER PARRIS** WAS DIFFERENT IN THAT RESPECT!

SO YOU WANT MY EYES WHEN I DIE, DO YOU? WELL, MY ANSWER IS **NO!** WHAT'S MINE, I KEEP! I'VE LIVED BY THAT CREED... AND I'LL DIE BY IT.

BUT, WHY? PARRIS, THIS PATIENT, I'VE TOLD YOU ABOUT, IS YOUNG! HE HAS HIS WHOLE LIFE TO LIVE! YOU CAN SPARE HIM FROM LIVING HIS LIFE IN DARKNESS!

IT COULDN'T POSSIBLY MATTER TO YOU AFTER DEATH! GIVE ME YOUR PERMISSION TO TRANSPLANT YOUR EYES TO THAT UNFORTUNATE, YOUNG MAN.

IT DOES MATTER TO ME! I DON'T GIVE UP ANYTHING THAT'S MINE. AND IF SOMEONE TAKES FROM ME... I TAKE BACK FULL VALUE!



I'M NOT ONE OF YOUR WHINING, DEATHBED, WEAKLINGS! A BAD HEART WON'T MAKE ME CHANGE! STERN WILL SEE YOU TO THE DOOR, DOCTOR!

ROGER PARRIS WAS VERY DIFFERENT! HIS EYES... THOSE DARK, INTENSE EYES THAT HE WOULD NOT GIVE UP GLARED MOCKINGLY AS HIS SECRETARY LED DOCTOR MASON FROM THE ROOM!



YOU MIGHT HAVE KNOWN WHAT THE ANSWER WOULD BE, DOCTOR! THE OLD PIG!

A MAN HAS THE **RIGHT** TO REFUSE A REQUEST, STERN. PARRIS HAS HIS OWN SET OF VALUES!

I KNOW! TEN YEARS I'VE WORKED FOR HIM, DOCTOR. I'VE NEVER KNOWN HIM TO DO A CHARITABLE ACT... TO ALLOW A DEBTOR AN HOUR MORE THAN HE WAS ENTITLED TO! I DESPISE HIM!

STERN! I'M NOT DEAD YET... AND I'VE LETTERS TO DICTATE! YOU'RE NOT PAID TO DAWdle! COME UP HERE!



YOU'D BEST GO, STERN! A PITY!
MY PATIENT IS SO YOUNG! BUT,
THAT'S MY CONCERN! WHO
KNOWS? & PERHAPS, PARRIS
MAY STILL CHANGE
HIS MIND!

YES...
WHO
KNOWS?
PERHAPS!

PHILIP STERN LOOKED UPWARD WITH EYES WEAK
AND WATERY BLUE AS ROGER PARRIS' EYES
WERE DARK AND INTENSE. BUT STERN WAS
STRANGELY SILENT WHEN HE RETURNED TO
THE BEDROOM.

WELL, WHAT'S WRONG
WITH YOU? I SUPPOSE
YOU THINK LIKE MASON..
THAT I SHOULD HAVE
PLAYED GOOD
SAMARITAN...

THAT'S EXACTLY
WHAT I WAS
THINKING, SIR!
IT WOULD BE
A FINE AND
NOBLE THING
TO DO!

STILL THE SOPPY,
SENTIMENTAL
FOOL, AREN'T
YOU, STERN?
NO WONDER
YOU NEVER
MADE A
SUCCESS OF
YOURSELF!

YOU
CALLED
ME
BACK FOR
DICTION?
I'M
READY,
SIR!

THAT WAS AT THE END OF JUNE,
1952! IT WAS A MONTH LATER, IN
JULY, THAT PHILIP STERN CALLED
DOCTOR MASON.

THAT'S HOW I
FOUND HIM,
DOCTOR! I'M
CERTAIN HE'S
DEAD!

I WAS AFRAID
HE'D GO LIKE THAT,
SUDDENLY! HIS
LEAKING HEART
FULLY SPENT. I'LL
BE RIGHT OVER,
STERN!

YES, DOCTOR...
AND DOCTOR,
YOU WERE
RIGHT, HE DID
CHANGE HIS
MIND! I
FOUND A
NOTE
GIVING
YOU
PERMISSION
TO USE
HIS EYES
AS YOU
SEE FIT.

SPLENDID!
THEN, THERE
IS NO TIME
TO WASTE!
THE OPER-
ATION MUST
BE DONE
IMMEDIATELY,
BEFORE
RIGOR
MORTIS
SETS IN...

THAT'S HOW IT WAS DONE! QUICKLY, EFFICIENTLY...
WITH NO TIME FOR DOUBTS OR INVESTIGATION!

WITHIN THE HOUR, ROGER PARRIS' EYES HAD
BEEN REMOVED FROM HIS STILL WARM CORPSE!
THE AFTERMATH BROUGHT THE DREADED INQUIRY:

NO, I... I DON'T BELIEVE
IT! ARE YOU SAYING THAT
THIS NOTE IS A
FORGERY? THAT
PARRIS DIDN'T
WRITE IT?

AS PARRIS'
ATTORNEY, I CAME
TO KNOW HIS HAND-
WRITING AND SIGNATURE
QUITE WELL, DOCTOR!
THIS NOTE WAS NOT
WRITTEN BY HIM!



IT'S NOT JUST MY OPINION!
I HAD THE NOTE CHECKED
BY A HANDWRITING
EXPERT! IT'S A
FORGERY! YOU
ACTED TOO QUICKLY!
LEGALLY, DOCTOR...
YOU STOLE ROGER
PARRIS' EYES!

BUT, I HAD TO
ACT QUICKLY!
AFTER RIGOR
MORTIS THE HUMAN
EYE IS NO LONGER
TRANSPLANTABLE!
I NEVER DREAMED
I WAS DOING ANY-
THING ILLEGAL!

IT WAS STERN, WASN'T
IT? HE FORGED THE NOTE,
BUT HE MEANT ONLY TO
DO GOOD! I'M
CERTAIN OF THAT!
HE HAD NOTHING
TO GAIN PERSONALLY!

NOTHING, BUT, HE
STILL COMMITTED
A CRIME! TWO,
IN FACT, THAT'S WHY
HEADQUARTERS SENT
US HERE. YOU ACTED
IN GOOD FAITH,
DOCTOR! YOU'RE
ENTIRELY IN THE
CLEAR!



BUT STERN ISN'T! WE'RE
GOING DOWN TO PICK
HIM UP NOW! WE'D
LIKE YOU TO COME
ALONG! IF YOU'RE
PRESENT WHEN WE
MAKE THE ARREST,
HE MAY NOT WASTE
TIME ON DENIALS!

I... I'LL COME,
OF COURSE, BUT
STERN DID IT
OUT OF KINDNESS
TO A FELLOW
HUMAN BEING!
IF I CAN HELP HIM
IN ANY WAY,
I SHALL.

ONLY... PHILIP STERN DID NOT REQUIRE THE DOCTOR'S
HELP! THE HELP THAT PHILIP STERN WAS TO REQUIRE
WAS NOT OF THIS EARTH, THE POLICE DID NOT FIND
HIM THAT DAY.

MR. STERN DIDN'T LEAVE A
FORWARDING ADDRESS, I'M SORRY! FUNNY,
THOUGH, AFTER ELEVEN YEARS... POOF! HE
LEAVES! JUST LIKE THAT! AS SOON AS I
TOLD HIM ABOUT
THE OTHER MAN,
HE PACKED AND
LEFT!



OTHER
MAN? THAT'S RIGHT! A LITTLE
MAN, WEARING DARK
GLASSES! HE MUST
HAVE BEEN SEVENTY, AT
LEAST! HE SAID MR. STERN
HAD SOMETHING THAT
BELONGED TO HIM!
PECULIAR, OLD COOT
WITH A SORT OF X
ON HIS CHIN!
A SCAR!

A... SCAR?
LIKE AN X?
SEVENTY...
NO, IT... IT
ISN'T
POSSIBLE!

WHAT ISN'T,
DOCTOR? YOU
SOUND AS IF
YOU KNOW
THE MAN!

I CAN'T SAY! BUT...
SERGEANT, ROGER
PARRIS WAS ABOUT
SEVENTY... AND
TWO YEARS
AGO HE HAD
A HEART ATTACK,
HE FELL... AND
CUT HIS CHIN!
IT LEFT A SMALL
SCAR... LIKE
AN X!

THAT'S
RIGHT,
COME TO
THINK OF
IT! WE'VE
SEEN PICTURES
OF HIM, BUT,
JUST WHAT
ARE YOU
GETTING AT?



NOTHING! EXCEPT THAT PARRIS ONCE SAID... IF ANYONE TOOK ANYTHING FROM HIM, HE'D TAKE BACK FULL VALUE! IT'S RIDICULOUS, I KNOW... BUT THE MAN WAS WEARING DARK GLASSES...

SO MAYBE... HE HAD NO EYES, DOCTOR? I THOUGHT YOU MEDICAL MEN WERE TOO INTELLIGENT TO BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!



ROGER PARRIS WAS DEAD AND BURIED! THE MAN WHO SOUGHT PHILIP STERN COULD NOT BE PARRIS, CERTAINLY NOT! BUT EACH TIME, AT EACH PLACE WHERE PHILIP STERN HAD STAYED, THE OLD MAN HAD BEEN THERE!

AGAIN! SERGEANT, THIS THING HAS GOT ME STUMPED! THE SAME OLD MAN, EVERYWHERE WE GO... AND ONCE STERN MOVES ON, THE OLD BOY NEVER COMES BACK!



BUT STERN WAS EVENTUALLY FOUND! THE POLICE TRACED HIM TO A DINGY, SLUM ROOMING HOUSE!

HIM? YEAH, HE'S HERE! ROOM SIX! SAY, WHO IS THIS GUY? HE SURE MUST BE POPULAR! HE'S BEEN HERE LESS THAN A DAY AND YOU ARE THE SECOND VISITOR HE'S HAD!



GHOSTS? THAT WAS NONSENSE, OF COURSE! EVEN DOCTOR MASON HAD TO AGREE TO THAT! BUT, THAT WAS NOT IMPORTANT. NOT THEN! PHILIP STERN HAD BROKEN THE LAW! SO THE SEARCH WENT ON!

WHY, YES THIS MAN DID STAY HERE FOR A WHILE! BUT, HE LEFT IN A RUSH ABOUT A WEEK AGO! I REMEMBER, BECAUSE SOMEONE ELSE WAS LOOKING FOR HIM! A SMALL, OLD MAN WEARING DARK GLASSES!



AS IF HE KNOWS, SOMEHOW, THAT STERN IS GONE. AS IF STERN IS RUNNING FROM HIM!



STERN IS RUNNING, ALL RIGHT! FROM US! FORGET IT, YOU'LL HAVE ME IMAGINING THINGS, TOO!

SURE, BUT, IT'S FUNNY, WE NEVER RUN INTO THE OLD MAN!

YES! FUNNY, BUT, I DON'T FEEL MUCH LIKE LAUGHING! WE SHOULD HAVE PICKED HIM UP WEEKS AGO! I'M BEGINNING TO THINK WE'LL NEVER LOCATE HIM!



IN FACT, THE OLD CHARACTER THAT CAME LOOKING FOR HIM A WHILE AGO, IS STILL UP IN HIS ROOM! HE WENT UP JUST BEFORE YOU GOT HERE...



DID YOU HEAR THAT? SOMEBODY SCREAMED!

IT MUST HAVE COME FROM STERN'S ROOM! HE'S THE ONLY ROOMER WHO'S IN THE HOUSE RIGHT NOW!

WHERE'S STERN'S ROOM? THIS PLACE IS DARK AS A GRAVE!

AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS! I'LL SWITCH ON THE LIGHT!

PERHAPS, IT WAS BECAUSE OF THE SHADOWS, THAT THE POLICE SAW NO ONE IN THAT HALL, OR ON THE STAIRS, BUT, THEY FOUND PHILIP STERN ...

HIS FACE! LOOK AT HIS FACE! HE...HE HAS NO EYES!

THE OLD MAN! HE MUST HAVE SLIPPED PAST US ON THE STAIRS!

THESE WERE THE POLICE, MEN OF LOGIC! BUT, THEY WILL SWEAR TO WHAT HAPPENED, THEY RAN TO THE STREET, AND, AN OLD MAN PAUSED AT THE CORNER ...

SERGEANT! DO YOU KNOW WHO THAT IS?

I THINK SO... BUT I KNOW I'M WRONG! I MUST BE!

AN OLD MAN PAUSED, THEN WENT ON, AROUND THE CORNER!

HE'S GONE! BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! MEN DON'T JUST DISAPPEAR! HE COULDN'T HAVE JUST GONE UP IN SMOKE!

COULDN'T HE DID! HE VANISHED, UTTERLY, NEVER TO BE FOUND! BUT, TWO MEN WILL SWEAR THEY SAW HIS FACE!

THE END

TWO MEN SAW HIS FACE AND RECOGNIZED IT! THEY COULDNT BE MISTAKEN! THEY HAD SEEN PHOTOGRAPHS OF ROGER PARRIS. IT WAS HIS FACE THEY SAW, EXCEPT FOR ONE THING! ROGER PARRIS HAD DARK INTENSE EYES, BUT THE EYES OF THIS MAN WERE A WEAK, WATERY BLUE... LIKE PHILIP STERN'S!

WHEN SHERIFF "RED" WRIGHT OF FORT WORTH, TEXAS, HAD A PARTICULARLY TOUGH MURDER CASE ON HIS HANDS, HE CALLED IN PROFESSOR SHARPE, THE MAN WITH THE "SIXTH SENSE," TO HELP HIM!

THOUGHT TRANSFER!



SHARPE HAD ONCE TOLD ALBERT EINSTEIN DETAILS ABOUT EINSTEIN'S WORK WHICH NO ONE COULD POSSIBLY HAVE KNOWN! EINSTEIN PROMPTLY HAD DUBBED HIM "THE MAN WITH FOURTH-DIMENSIONAL THOUGHT!"



THE CASE CONCERNED A BEAUTIFUL SOCIETY GIRL, EMILY FARMER, WHO HAD BEEN FOUND LYING IN A DITCH, MURDERED! THE PROFESSOR LOST NO TIME IN SOLVING IT!



TAKING A PIECE OF THE VICTIM'S TATTERED CLOTHES IN HIS HAND, PROFESSOR SHARPE HELD IT BRIEFLY AND THEN SAID QUIETLY, "THE MAN YOU WANT IS IN KANSAS CITY AND WILL BE AT A SMALL HOTEL AT 254 COWLEY STREET AT 2 PM. NEXT THURSDAY!"



THE MURDERER, WHEN CAUGHT AT THIS EXACT PLACE AT THE PREDICTED HOUR, COULD NOT UNDERSTAND HOW HE HAD WALKED INTO THE TRAP! HE HAD HAD NO REASON TO GO THERE, BUT, HE SAID LATER, A STRANGE IMPULSE SEEMED TO LURE HIM THERE! SOME SAID THAT BY MENTAL TELEPATHY SHARPE HAD ACTUALLY COMMUNICATED HIS THOUGHTS TO THE UNSUSPECTING MURDERER!



THE END

THE SHOW'S ON,
GANG!

New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific! TELEVISION BANK

LIGHTS UP!

LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST
TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!



ALL-STEEL CONSTRUCTION

**ONLY
\$1.98**

COMPLETE WITH
BATTERY AND BULB!

Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midget wonder!

LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN! Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE! Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and **MORE**—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE! When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than **SIX** exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST! Your savings pile up **PLENTY FAST**—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with **SIX** wonderful pictures to see—**you bank REAL MONEY** just for letting them look!

IT'S A HONEY—IN EVERY DETAIL! You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, $4\frac{1}{4}'' \times 4''$, has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. **GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU**, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL NEW TELEVISION BANK! SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!

NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last word in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

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SEAGEE CO., Dept. YR4
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N.Y.

Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$2.00 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name _____

(Please Print Plainly)

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

I enclose \$2.00 You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

Bobo just had too much body and very little soul. And when his master smashed the toy, Bobo did the same—only Bobo reached for a living, moving—

SCREAMING DAY!

OF ONE THING
THERE CAN BE
NO DOUBT.
ANDREW...
MARVIN LOVED
HIS DAUGHTER
DEVOTEDLY...
HE WANTED
ONLY
HAPPINESS
FOR HER...
CERTAINLY
HE HAD
NO DESIRE
TO BRING
HER
A CONY OR
HORROR
THAT
NIGHT...

DAD, I LOVE WALT...HE
MEANS EVERYTHING TO
ME...BUT YOU WON'T
EVEN TRY TO UNDER-
STAND! YOU'RE LIKE
BOBO... BEHAVE BY
INSTINCT, RATHER
THAN REASON...

SOMETIMES I WISH
YOU WERE MORE
LIKE BOBO! I CAN
HANDLE HIM, TEACH
HIM... WHILE YOU, MY
DEAR, ARE COMPLETELY
UNMANAGEABLE!

YOU'VE LIVED AND WORKED WITH BOBO SO
LONG THAT YOU THINK YOU CAN TRAIN ME...
THE DIFFERENCE IS, FATHER, I HAVE A
HEART! I'M IN LOVE WITH
WALT CLAYTON... YOU CAN'T
CHANGE THAT!

BETH, FOR THE LAST
TIME... I WON'T HAVE
YOU SEEING WALT
CLAYTON! IS THAT
PLAIN ENOUGH?

YES, BUT... DAD, PLEASE
DON'T... SHOUT. BOBO
GETS EXCITED
WHEN YOU DO!

RATTLE

RATTLE

BETH, DEAR, I DON'T WANT
TO SHOUT AT YOU, BUT
WALT CLAYTON IS NO
GOOD! I KNOW IT! I
FEEL IT! I'VE FELT IT
EVER SINCE HE
BECAME THE
SHOW'S PRESS
AGENT! I WANT
TO SEE YOU
HAPPY!

HAPPY... YES, THE
WAY BOBO IS
HAPPY! Y-YOU'VE
MADE THAT MONSTER
INTO A CARBON
COPY OF
YOURSELF...

POWERS GIGANTIC CIRCUS
Presents
ANDREW MARVIN AND BOBO...
THE ONLY
TRAINED
GORILLA IN
CAPTIVITY

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, STOP RATTLING THE
BARS! I'LL LET YOU OUT... I KNOW YOU'RE
RESTLESS... JUST AS I AM...

RATTLE RATTLE
BANG

CLICK!

WELL, BOBO, I GUESS THAT'S THAT, EH? SHE'LL BREAK HER HEART... AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT! I'VE SEEN HIS KIND IN A DOZEN SHOWS... IN A DOZEN STATES!



MY DAUGHTER! I'VE DEVOTED MY WHOLE LIFE TO HER! I CAN'T LET THIS MAN RUIN HER LIFE! IT'S MY DUTY TO PROTECT HER!



BOBO! STOP IT! DO YOU HAVE TO DO EVERYTHING I DO?



BACK INTO YOUR CAGE! I'M GOING TO FIND BETH!



PERHAPS MARVIN'S LOVE FOR HIS DAUGHTER MADE HIM A LITTLE MAD THAT DAY! BUT THE MADNESS GREW SLOWLY! IT DID NOT SHOW LATER, WHEN HE ROAMED THE CIRCUS MID-WAY...

BETH? WHY, SHE WENT BY A WHILE AGO WITH CLAYTON! WHY? SOMETHING WRONG?

NO... NOTHING! IT'S A PERSONAL MATTER!



WHEN MARVIN FAILED TO LOCATE HIS DAUGHTER THAT DAY, HE SETTLED DOWN TO WAIT... THINKING, PLANNING, WHO KNOWS WHAT BLEAK, MURDEROUS THOUGHTS? IT WAS PAST MIDNIGHT WHEN BETH WALKED IN...

DAD! LOCK HIM UP! PLEASE! YOU KNOW HOW HE FRIGHTENS ME...

A FRAID, BETH? OF A POOR, DUMB BRUTE? WHILE YOU PLACE YOUR TRUST IN A MORE DANGEROUS ANIMAL... ONE THAT WALKS ON TWO LEGS AND WHISPERS SWEET LIES! IT IS OF YOUR OWN CHOOSING... IF BOBO FRIGHTENS YOU, I'LL LOCK HIM IN HIS CAGE!



NOW... WHERE HAVE YOU BEENZ WITH CLAYTON, I SUPPOSE?

YES, DAD... WALT WANTS ME TO MARRY HIM! I SAID YES!



DID YOU? I SUPPOSE HE GAVE YOU THIS, DIDN'T HE? I SUPPOSE YOU'VE HAD A WONDERFUL AFTERNOON WITH HIM, HAVEN'T YOU? AT THE MIDWAY... SHOOTING GALLERIES... WINNING CHEAP DOLLS!

YOU LITTLE FOOL! THIS IS WHAT YOU CAN EXPECT IF YOU MARRY HIM! CHEAP THINGS, A CHEAP LIFE... AND AT THE END A HEART BROKEN INTO AS MANY PIECES AS THIS BIT OF TRASH!



BETH, FOR YOUR OWN SAFE, DON'T GO THROUGH WITH IT! YOU HARDLY KNOW CLAYTON! THINK WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE! THINK OF ALL THE THINGS YOU MIGHT FIND OUT ABOUT HIM! THE THINGS THAT MIGHT HURT YOU!

I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES, DAD! YOU CAN'T BEND ME TO YOUR WILL LIKE ONE OF YOUR TRAINED ANIMALS!

I SEE! SO IT'S ALL SETTLED, EH? ALL RIGHT, BETH! IF THIS IS HOW IT HAS TO BE, THERE'S NO CHOICE, IS THERE?



THERE WAS A STORM BREWING INSIDE ANDREW MARVIN! A VIOLENT STORM THAT SWEEPS DOWN AND DESTROYS! THAT NIGHT HE ONCE AGAIN PUT BOBO THROUGH HIS PACES!

MARVIN'S ACT WAS SENSATIONAL! THE WILD APPLAUSE OF THE AUDIENCE MUST HAVE FOLLOWED HIM BACK TO HIS TENT, BUT HE DID NOT HEAR IT!



IT WAS ALL FOR BETH, BECAUSE ANDREW MARVIN LOVED HER. THIS TIME, HE FOUND HER.

WALT, I-I'VE GOT TO GO! DAD WILL BE FINISHED WITH HIS ACT BY NOW... I DON'T WANT TO ARGUE WITH HIM AGAIN TODAY! HE'LL BE ANGRY...

LET HIM! BETH, HE MAY BE YOUR FATHER, BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO RUN EVERYTIME HE CRACKS A WHIP!

HE'S SO OBSESSED WITH HIS ANIMALS, HE THINKS YOU'RE ONE OF THEM! BUT YOU'RE NOT! YOU'RE MINE! BECAUSE I LOVE YOU--AND I'LL TAKE YOU FROM HIM!

MARVIN OVERHEARD EVERYTHING AND BRISTLED WITH ANGER. THE STORM WAS ABOUT TO BREAK IN FULL FURY!

NOW YOU CAN GO. I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW. WE'LL GET A LICENSE AND BE MARRIED, WHETHER YOUR FATHER LIKES IT OR NOT!

WHEN BETH LEFT THE SCENE, HER FATHER STEPPED FROM HIDING AND CONFRONTED THE YOUNG MAN HE HATED!

MARVIN! HOW DID YOU FIND ME?

ONCE, I WAS YOUNG, TOO. CLAYTON. ONCE, I WALKED WITH A YOUNG GIRL. WITH BETH'S MOTHER. I LOOKED FOR ROMANTIC SPOTS, TOO!

BUT I LOVED BETH'S MOTHER, AS I LOVE BETH. LOVE! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS. IT'S POWER YOU LIVE FOR. YOU WANT TO CONTROL BETH FOR AS LONG AS YOU CAN, DON'T YOU?

YOU WANT HER TO JUMP FOREVER TO YOUR EVERY COMMAND! WELL THAT'S OVER! SHE DESERVES A BETTER LIFE THAN THAT--OH!

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

SPLASH

PERHAPS ANDREW MARVIN WAS MISTAKEN ABOUT WALTER CLAYTON, PERHAPS, NOT, BUT IT WAS NOT TO MATTER GREATLY IN THE END, MARVIN WAS ALMOST CONTENT WHEN HE RETURNED TO THE TENT...

SHE'LL FORGET IN TIME ... SHE'LL FORGET... NO! BOBO! SHE'LL THINK... HE JILTED HER ... NO!



BETH! THAT'S BETH... BOBO! I FORGOT TO PADLOCK HIS CAGE!



ANDREW MARVIN WAS JUST AN INSTANT TOO LATE!



JUST AN INSTANT!



MARVIN WAS LEANING AGAINST THE TENT POLE WHEN THE OTHERS ARRIVED. HE WAS MAKING NO ATTEMPT TO CONTROL THE GIANT BEAST WHICH STRODE BACK AND FORTH, DRAGGING SOMETHING BROKEN AND HORRIBLE...



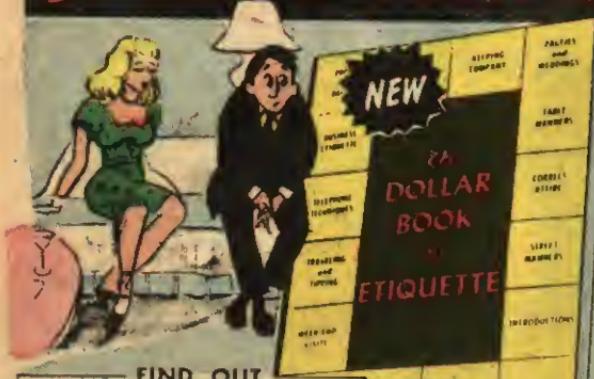
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST LAY SIDE BY SIDE -- A STRANGE AND TERRIBLE TURN OF FATE FOR GRIEVING ANDREW MARY!



BUT OF COURSE, NO ONE UNDERSTOOD...

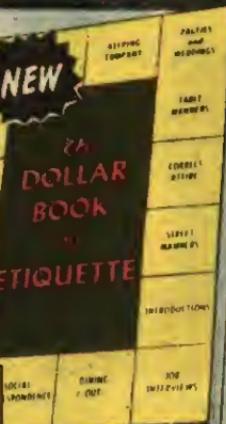
The END

Now! KNOW YOUR WAY AROUND!



FIND OUT

How to behave in and out of love
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MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

“With God... all things are possible!”

Dear Friend:

Are You Facing Problems of Any Kind?
 Are You Worried About Your Health?
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 Your Job?
 Are You Worried About Some One Dear To
 You?
 Are You Worried About Your Children, Your
 Home Life, Your Marriage?
 Is Some One Dear to You Drinking Too Much?
 Do You Ever Get Lonely, Unhappy or
 Discouraged?
 Would You Like To Have More Happiness,
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If you do have any of these **Problems**, or others like them, dear friend, then here is wonderful **NEWS**—**NEWS** of a remarkable **NEW WAY** of **PRAYER** that is helping thousands of other men and women to glorious **NEW** happiness and

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You will surely bless this day—so please don't delay! Just mail your name, address and 10c (coin or stamps) now to **LIFE-STUDY FELLOWSHIP**, Box 1508, Noroton, Conn. We will rush this wonderful **NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH** to you by **AIR MAIL**.

THE LIGHT BEYOND

The headlights of Lawrence Roger's car streamed into the black, moonless night, deepening the rutted, dirt road. Nellie, Lawrence's wife, was half asleep, her head bouncing on his shoulder. The car hit a deep rut and lurched to a sudden stop, half throwing Nellie to the floor.

She awoke with a scream on her lips. "Just lost control for a moment, honey," Lawrence calmed her, "nothing to get excited about." He backed the car out of the rut.

"Guess I'll stay awake, Larry. You need company this late at night." She watched the narrow country road and yawned. "Nice party, wasn't it?" she asked.

"Good time," Lawrence answered, "but it's sure a heck of a long way out here. I'm glad we live in town." He looked at his pretty little wife of six months and smiled proudly. "I love you, Nellie," he said. His words were accented by a loud explosion. The front wheels of the car cut sharply, throwing them into a ditch.

"Wow!" Lawrence said loudly. "That sounded like a flat. I'll take a look." As he opened the door and got out he noticed that the headlights flowed over a deserted, weed covered graveyard.

The right front tire was flat with a large hole in the side. He remembered only now that he had forgotten to pick up the spare at George's that afternoon. He groaned and got back in beside Nellie.

"Might as well go back to sleep, honey," he told his wife. "I haven't a spare and no telling how far we are from a house with a phone."

Just then a sputtering noise came from under the dashboard and a quick flash of shooting electricity. Then it was dark again. Nellie jumped. "What was that, Larry?"



Short probably; I'll take a look tomorrow--if we ever get home." Just then he saw a light on a far hill, above and beyond the cemetery. "We're in luck, Nellie! Look! Back of the cemetery--a house with a light in the window!"

"Cemetery? You mean we're stuck in a graveyard?" Nellie grimaced.

"Let's take a run up and see if they have a phone." Lawrence opened the car door. "Unless you'd rather stay here and wait for me."

"Not on your life, Lawrence Rogers!" The quicker we get out of here the better!"

Larry teased her as they threaded their way through the broken and fallen tombstones until Nellie pleaded, "Please don't talk like that about the dead. I'm really sort of superstitious, I guess."

They were half way up the hill when the light in the window went out. "Gone to bed," Lawrence said, "well, we'll just have to get them up again. Sure hope they have a phone."

Nellie spoke slowly, her voice filled with cold fear, "Larry--I-I don't see any house."

"Of course not, Nellie, there's no moan." He quickened his pace, half dragging her behind him.

At the crest of the hill, where the house should have been, Larry stood scratching his head. "There was a light here," he said. "We both saw it. Must have been a reflection off our headlights. Well, nothing to do but go back and wait in the car until daylight."

Nellie's hand was cold as he took it and her teeth chattered. "I'm afraid," she whimpered, "I'm scared."

Suddenly, below them, a bright flame of light shot from the car as the gas tank exploded. When the sound of the explosion and falling debris cleared, the quietness spread so heavy it pressed hard on Lawrence. He turned to look at Nellie, his bride of six months. Then he turned and looked back at the hill where he had seen the light in the window. He scratched his head.

The mummy was found in Egypt on July 10, 1935. That day the archaeologists first saw the face of Re-Imhotep, the man who was still...

ALIVE AFTER FIVE THOUSAND YEARS!



LINDSEY AND ERICSON HAD BEEN SEEKING THE TOMB OF A KING. BUT WHOEVER THIS HAD BEEN, HIS END HAD NOT BEEN PLEASANT,

WELL! WE DIDN'T SEE THIS WHEN WE BROKE IN -- A DAGGER -- WITH THE FIGURE OF ANUBIS ON ITS HILT!

THERE ARE DESCRIPTIONS OF SUCH DAGGERS. BUT NO ONE HAS EVER FOUND ONE BEFORE. THIS IS A SACRIFICAL DAGGER -- USED BY THE TEMPLE PRIESTS OF ANUBIS, THE GOD OF DEATH!

THEN LINDSEY BEGAN TO INTERPRET THE HIEROGLYPHICS ON THE ANCIENT PAPYRUS WHICH HAD BEEN PINNED TO THE EARTH WALL BY THE DAGGER.

LISTEN PRINCESS AKNAHTON! TO THIS -- WE, THE PRIESTS OF ANUBIS, PLACE HERE THE BODY WHOMOTEP WHO DARED TO GAZE UPON AND LOVE AKNAHTON, DAUGHTER OF THE PHARAOH --



THAT'S NOT ALL OF IT... LET ME GO ON! REFUSING TO ACCEPT THE JUDGMENT OF ANUBIS, THIS DOG VIOLATED THE TEMPLE, TO STEAL THE BOOK OF THE DEAD... THAT HE MIGHT RESTORE THE PRINCESS TO LIFE WHEN SHE SICKENED AND DIED! FOR THAT WE PLACE HIM HERE... STILL ALIVE... AND WITH HIM, THE BOOK OF THE DEAD!"



THERE WERE OTHER PAPYRUS SCROLLS IN THE CAVE! LINDSEY EXCITEDLY REACHED FOR THE ONE WITH THE SIGNIFICANT MARKINGS!

THE BOOK OF RAMA! THE BOOK OF THE DEAD! THE SECRET OF HOW TO RESTORE THE DEAD TO LIFE!

DON'T OPEN IT, LINDSEY, TAKE IT EASY...



CERTAINLY, YOU'RE NOT SUPERSTITIOUS, ARE YOU, PROFESSOR? YOU'RE A MAN OF SCIENCE!

WE'LL READ THE SCROLL LATER... WHEN WE'VE TAKEN THE MUMMY OUT OF THIS GRAVE!



DOES THIS SCROLL FRIGHTEN YOU, SIR? SURELY YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT CAN RESTORE THE DEAD... TO LIFE...



NO! BUT I STILL FORBID YOU TO READ IT NOW! WE'LL STUDY IT... LATER!

AHMED! TELL YOUR MEN TO REMOVE THE MUMMY TO THE TENT!

AT ONCE, ERICSON EFFENDI...



SOMEHOW, CARL ERICSON KNEW THAT EVIL STILL LINGERED HERE! A MUMMY, A DAGGER AND THE SCROLLS OF PAPYRUS WERE TAKEN TO THE TENT! PETER LINDSEY STOOD BY... YOUNG, EAGER, IMPATIENT!

SHALL I NO, NOT YET, LINDSEY! I'M GOING OUT! WHY DON'T YOU JUST RELAX AWHILE!



ERICSON WALKED OUT INTO THE NIGHT TO EXAMINE HIS OWN THOUGHTS AND HIS HIDDEN FEARS! AND FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE HE REGRETTED THAT HE WAS NOT THERE WHEN PETER LINDSEY SUCCUMBED TO THE CALL OF THE UNKNOWN!

THE BOOK OF THE DEAD! I'LL READ IT ANYWAY! WHAT HARM CAN IT DO? ERICSON IS UNNECESSARILY CAUTIOUS!



LINDSEY SPOKE WORDS THAT HADN'T BEEN HEARD FOR **FIFTY LONG CENTURIES**.. BY EARS WHICH SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO DETECT THE VIBRATION OF SOUND.

-- SHALL I THEN RISE ONCE MORE WITH THE FLAME OF LIFE **REKINDLED** WITHIN ME BY THE POWER OF GREAT ANUBIS..



TO THEN, TAKE CALM **POSSESSION** OF THE SCROLL WHICH A STARING, OPEN-MOUTHED, FEAR-RIDDEN LINDSEY WAS TOO DUMB-FOUNDED TO READ..



WHEN CARL ERICSON RETURNED, HE FOUND YOUNG LINDSEY COVERING IN A CORNER OF THE TENT--ALMOST OUT OF HIS MIND WITH PANIC AND HYSTERIA.

PROFESSOR! H- HE'S ALIVE! HE STOOD UP AND WALKED. I SAW HIM! I SAW HIM!



-- HANDS THAT **SHOULDN'T** HAVE BEEN ABLE TO MOVE -- TO SEIZE UPON THE ANCIENT DAGGER OF ANUBIS WHICH LAY NEARBY --



AND, THE LEGS, WHICH HAD NOT STOOD UPRIGHT SINCE THE BUILDING OF THE PYRAMIDS, NOW, STALKED FROM THE TENT WITH **NEW FOUND STRENGTH**!



THE DAGGER -- SCROLL -- MUMMY--ALL GONE! AFTER ALL THAT RESEARCH AND BACKBREAKING WORK -- THEY'RE GONE!



NOTHING REMAINED, ONLY A **HANDPRINT** ETCHED IN THE DUST OF CENTURIES. A HANDPRINT IN WHICH THE MIDDLE FINGER BORE A LONG, **CRESCENT-SHAPED SCAR**.



FOR, PETER LINDSEY, THERE WAS NO HOPE! HE NEVER RECOVERED! HE WAS HOPELESSLY INSANE... MOUTHING FANTASTIC, UNBELIEVABLE THINGS! AS FOR CARL ERICSON, HE REVIEWED THE STRANGE SITUATION FOR THE CAIRO CHIEF OF POLICE!

NO, NO, PROFESSOR ERICSON! A MUMMY THAT WALKS... RIDICULOUS! PUT YOURSELF IN MY PLACE, I WOULD YOU SEARCH FOR A MAN WHO'S BEEN DEAD FOR FIVE THOUSAND YEARS?

BUT CAPTAIN MAHMUD... THERE **WAS** A DAGGER, A SCROLL... A MUMMY! YOU HAVE THE TESTIMONY OF MY WORKMEN!

THE THEFT OF ANCIENT ARTIFACTS ARE NOT UNUSUAL IN THIS COUNTRY! YOURS IS SUCH A CASE! THE FACTS ARE SELF-EVIDENT!

AND HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN POOR LINDSEY, CAPTAIN? THE FACT IS, THAT HE READ THE BOOK OF THE DEAD... **AND SOMETHING HAPPENED**, SOON AFTER, WHICH DROVE HIM INSANE!

MERELY YOUR ASSUMPTION, PROFESSOR!

YOUR YOUNG, MR. LINDSEY, NO DOUBT, EXPOSED HIMSELF TO THE SUN A BIT TOO LONG, I FEAR! HIS STORY CAN BE CLASSIFIED AS NOTHING MORE THAN THE **RAVINGS** OF A MADMAN!

I'M MOST CERTAIN, SIR, THAT THE CAUSE OF YOUR DISTRESS IS A **THIEF** WHOSE FEET ARE MORE NIMBLE THAN THOSE OF THE MUMMY! WHEN THIS CRIMINAL IS APPREHENDED, YOU SHALL IMMEDIATELY BE NOTIFIED! GOOD DAY, SIR!



THE DAYS LENGTHENED INTO WEEKS! BUT, CARL ERICSON HEARD **NOTHING** FROM THE POLICE! HE REMAINED IN CAIRO... WAITING IN VAIN...

PROFESSOR ERICSON IS HERE AGAIN, CAPTAIN!

SEND HIM AWAY! TELL HIM I'M OUT! AND THERE IS NO NEWS! I'M IN NO MOOD TO TALK BLACK MAGIC TODAY!



FINALLY, IT WAS ERICSON, HIMSELF, WHO THOUGHT OF A WAY TO FIND THE LIVING-DEAD CREATURE HE SOUGHT! AT THE CAIRO MUSEUM, WAS THE MUMMY OF **PRINCESS AKNAHONT**, THE LOVE OF RE-IMHOTEP! WHERE WOULD HE GO... EXCEPT TO HER!

PROFESSOR HABID! WHAT HAPPENED? **WHAT'S WRONG?**

OH, ERICSON! IT'S DEPLORABLE! THE MUSEUM HAS BEEN ROBBED! A MUMMY STOLEN! A GUARD MURDERED, IN COLD BLOOD!



THE STOLEN MUMMY--
COULD IT HAVE BEEN THAT
OF PRINCESS AKNAHTON--?

W-WHY YES! HOW
DID--

TELL ME, HAMID -- HAVE
YOU HAD ANY STRANGE
VISITORS LATELY? SOMEONE
WHO SEEMED TO SHOW
A PARTICULAR INTEREST
IN THE MUMMY OF
THE PRINCESS-- TELL
ME -- I MUST KNOW!

I-I THINK THERE
WAS A MAN-- HE
WAS HERE
EVERY DAY,
FOR A WEEK.
STOOD FOR HOURS
AT THE MUMMY
CASE. I REMEMBER
THE GUARD POINTING
HIM OUT TO ME!

HE WAS A STRANGE
ONE, THAT FELLOW! I
CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF
HIS FACE-- HE SEEMED
SO INCREDIBLY OLD--
AND YET, HIS EYES--
THEY WERE SO ALIVE--
A YOUNG MAN'S EYES--

AH! THE "WALKING-MUMMY
MAN!" I SUPPOSE YOU'RE
HERE TO TELL US THAT
YOUR ANCIENT FRIEND IS AT
THE BOTTOM OF THIS?

MAY I SEE THE
WEAPON USED TO
KILL THE GUARD?

THE MURDER WEAPON WAS
BROUGHT. IT WAS THE SACRI-
FICIAL DAGGER OF THE ANCIENT
EGYPTIAN GOD, ANUBIS!

CAPTAIN! THAT IS
THE DAGGER
WHICH WAS
TAKEN FROM MY
TENT IN THE
DESERT--

THEN YOUR
THIEF IS NOW A
MURDERER,
PROFESSOR!
WE'LL CATCH
HIM! YOU
MAY COUNT
ON THAT.

YOU SEE, HE ALSO MADE
THE MISTAKE OF LEAVING
A HAND-PRINT ON THE
SIDE OF THE SARCOPHAGUS.
IT SHALL HELP
CONVICT HIM!

I CAN
IDENTIFY
THAT HAND-
PRINT! I'VE
SEEN IT
BEFORE!

THERE IT WAS AGAIN-- THE PRINT
MADE BY ANCIENT DUST. THE
LONG WHITE CRESCENT ON THE
MIDDLE FINGER MADE IDENTIFI-
CATION UNMISTAKABLE.

THAT PRINT WAS MADE BY
RE-IMHOTEP, A MUMMY I
FOUND IN A FIVE THOUSAND
YEAR OLD TOMB-- AND WHO,
WAS RESTORED TO LIFE BY
A POWER OF THE ANCIENTS.

OF COURSE, CARL
ERICSON ONLY
MET WITH
LAUGHTER AND
RIDICULE AT THIS
ASSERTION, BUT
IT WAS STRANGE
THAT THE
MURDERER OF
THE MUSEUM
GUARD-- THE
MUMMY THIEF--
WAS NEVER CAUGHT.
CAN IT BE THAT
RE-IMHOTEP AND
PRINCESS
AKNAHTON ARE
NOW MINGLING
WITH THE PEOPLE
OF A WORLD FIVE
THOUSAND YEARS
BEYOND THEIR
ORIGINAL LIFETIMES?

THE END

GREAT INJUSTICE

A SWEDISH MILLER NAMED ANDERSON WAS RELEASED RECENTLY AFTER SERVING 17 YEARS FOR DROWNING HIS WIFE IN THE LAKE NEAR HIS MILL! HE WAS RELEASED BECAUSE...



NOT LONG AGO, SOME OF HIS FRIENDS PERSUADED A NOTED HYPNOTIST, DR. J. BJORKHEM, TO HYPNOTIZE A PROFESSIONAL CLAIRVOYANT IN MALMO...

TELL US, WHAT DO YOU SEE?



TO EVERYONE'S AMAZEMENT, THE MEDIUM, AFTER BEING GIVEN A PICTURE OF ANDERSON'S LATE WIFE, WENT INTO AN ACCURATE DESCRIPTION OF THE MILLER'S PLACE AS IT HAD LOOKED 16 YEARS AGO! SHE EVEN DESCRIBED THE HABITS OF ANDERSON'S LATE WIFE!

AMAZING! IT'S TOO ACCURATE TO BE A FRAUD!



She told of how the wife would always rinse the coffee pot in the lake. One day, while doing this, she fainted, fell into the lake and was drowned!



On the basis of this remarkable demonstration, a new trial was held! Anderson was acquitted and compensated for his seventeen years of unjust confinement by the Swedish government!

The END

DOCTORS
IN ACTUAL CLINICAL
TESTS* PROVE
SUCCESS OF

AMAZING DOUBLE-ACTION SKIN TREATMENT THAT CONCEALS AS IT MEDICATES PIMPLES

Actual clinical tests conducted by leading doctors have proven that an amazing, new-type medication helps clear up skin blemishes while it covers and hides embarrassing pimples! In the many cases tested by the doctors, there were a mixture of men, women and children, White and Negro. Some with recent skin eruptions and others with skin troubles of many years. The results were:

ACNE, BLACKHEADS AND
other externally-caused
SKIN BLEMISHES!

100% SUCCESSFUL
IN CLINICAL TESTS

45% were COMPLETELY CLEARED!
38% were DECIDELY IMPROVED!
17% were IMPROVED!

NOW THE SAME TYPE OF MEDICATION
USED IN THESE CLINICAL TESTS
IS AVAILABLE TO YOU!

GUARANTEED
TO HELP YOUR
SKIN LOOK
LOVELIER AND
MORE ATTRACTIVE
IN A FEW
MINUTES
OR DOUBLE
YOUR MONEY BACK!

Leading
SKIN
SPECIALISTS
RECOMMEND THIS
DOUBLE TREATMENT

Physicians prescribe two ways to help control skin eruptions. First—clean the skin and clear the pores of clogging dirt. Second—Inhibit the excessive oiliness of the skin.

The clinically-proven ingredients in the scientifically-timed formula of Scope Products have been compounded to help overcome these external causes of pimples and blemishes. Actually, it removes pimples because it helps remove the oils that skin specialists often associate with acne!

**SKIN DOCTORS STATE THAT
TO NEGLECT YOUR SKIN MAY
PROLONG YOUR COMPLEXION
TROUBLE AND MAKE IT
MORE DIFFICULT TO CLEAR UP!**

DELAY MAY BE HARMFUL—
Send for Scope Medicated Skin Treatment
with its special "cover-up" action!
MAIL COUPON AT ONCE!

Thousands like yourself today enjoy the wonderful skin beauty that would normally be theirs—thanks to Scope. Scope Medicated Skin Formula is made in special tones to match your skin—and almost like magic hides those unsightly externally caused blemishes while the medication is acting. Just a few minutes a day may help you toward the complexion that's lovable to kiss and touch!

TEEN-AGERS and GROWN-UPS REGAIN NEW POPULARITY

People of all ages have discovered a newfound joy with a clearer, lovelier looking skin! If you've been hoping to improve your complexion... to increase your popularity with the opposite sex...

...to climb to success in the business world—we recommend this amazing treatment. Just a few minutes each day can yield more gratifying results than you ever dreamed possible!

HIDES PIMPLES ON LIGHT, AVERAGE & DARK COMPLEXIONS!

To help people of all complexions quickly conceal their externally caused blemishes—Scope Medicated Skin Formula comes in special tones. No matter how many other treatments or old-fashioned preparations have disappointed you—here is a

product that guarantees to improve your appearance or double your money back! Scope Medicated Skin Formula is **GREASELESS**, **FAST-DRYING** and **STAINLESS**! Makeup can easily be applied over it.

SURE, QUICK RESULTS—WORKS LIKE MAGIC!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

If you are not delighted in every way by the improved condition and general appearance of your skin in just 10 days, return the unused portion and we will promptly send you double the purchase price! You have nothing to lose but worrying over your bad complexion. **WE TAKE ALL THE RISK!**

SEND NO MONEY
You fill out the coupon and by return mail
we will immediately ship you Scope
Treatment in a plain package. Try Scope
yourself! If you are not entirely satisfied,
return the unused portion for refund at
double your purchase price.

Mail FREE TRIAL Coupon TODAY!

SCOPE PRODUCTS CO., Dept. YRR ACT
1 Orchard St., New York 2, N.Y. NOW!!
 Please send me on a 10-Day Trial the Scope
Medicated Skin Treatment. I will pay postage
\$1.98 plus postage on delivery. If not entirely
satisfied, I may return the unused portion for
double my purchase price back.

Light Medium Dark Complexion

Name _____

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SAVE MONEY. Enclose \$2. now and we pay
postage 50¢ double your money-back either
way you order.

Enclose payment with Canadian or Foreign orders.

SCOPE PRODUCTS CO., Dept. YRR 1 Orchard St., New York 2, N.Y.

THE TRUE STORY OF MISS FANCHER'S LIVING DEATH!

MOLLIE FANCHER, WHO LIVED SO CLOSE TO DEATH, RETURNED TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING WITH A VERY SPECIAL TALENT!

DOCTOR, SHE'S NOT MOVING AT ALL... IS SHE... IS SHE DEAD?

IT'S HARD TO TELL, MRS. FANCHER... HER BREATHING HAS ALMOST STOPPED AND HER PULSE IS BARELY DISTINGUISHABLE...



I'VE NEVER COME ACROSS ANYTHING LIKE IT, MA'AM! YOUR DAUGHTER SIMPLY PASSED INTO A DEEP... AND MYSTERIOUS TRANCE...

BUT SHE WAS NOT EVEN ILL! THERE WAS NOTHING WRONG WITH MOLLIE UNTIL THIS HAPPENED LAST NIGHT...

MOLLIE FANCHER REMAINED IN HER STRANGE TRANCE FOR NINE YEARS... HER BODY COLD AS DEATH... AND DURING ALL THAT TIME, SHE CONSUMED LESS FOOD THAN A NORMAL PERSON WOULD EAT IN TWO DAYS!

WHAT KEEPS HER ALIVE? BY THE LAWS OF NATURE AND SCIENCE, SHE SHOULD HAVE BEEN DEAD YEARS AGO!

WE'VE CONSULTED THE MOST NOTED SPECIALISTS AND THERE SEEMS TO BE NO LOGICAL EXPLANATION FOR THIS GIRL'S LONG SLEEP! I WONDER IF SHE WILL EVER AWAKEN!



FINALLY, MOLLIE FANCHER DID RETURN TO CONSCIOUSNESS... AND NOW SHE WAS A GREATER ENIGMA THAN EVER!

MOTHER, DID YOU KNOW THAT MY COUSIN ELLIE HAS A NEW DRESS? IT'S LOVELY... PINK TAFFETA, TRIMMED AT THE HEM WITH WHITE LACE...

MOLLIE DEAR, YOUR COUSIN IS HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY... HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY KNOW WHAT SHE'S WEARING?

I JUST KNOW, MOTHER, JUST AS I KNOW WHAT'S WRITTEN IN THAT LETTER ON THE DESK...

THE LETTER IS UNOPENED! ARE YOU SURE YOU FEEL ALL RIGHT, DARLING?



OPEN THE LETTER, MOTHER! IT'S FROM COUSIN ELLIE... SHE PLANS TO VISIT US NEXT WEEK! I NEVER HEARD OF ANYTHING SO SILLY... BUT JUST TO PROVE YOU'RE WRONG, I'LL OPEN THE LETTER AND READ IT TO YOU!



MOLLIE... IT'S TRUE! THE LETTER IS FROM ELLIE, AND SHE DOES WRITE THAT SHE'S COMING TO VISIT US, AS YOU SAY... BUT, DARLING, I CAN SEE SHE DOESN'T MENTION A NEW DRESS! HOW DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT? I CAN SEE IN TOTAL DARKNESS... READ UNOPENED BOOKS AND KNOW WHAT PEOPLE ARE DOING AND SAYING HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY...



I CAN'T EXPLAIN ANY OF THESE POWERS, BUT WHEN I AWAKENED FROM MY SLEEP, ALL THESE THINGS WERE POSSIBLE... EVEN ORDINARY TO ME...

I THINK YOUR DOCTOR SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THIS!



WHEN THE DOCTOR ARRIVED, HE WAS NATURALLY SKEPTICAL... BUT MOLLIE DISPELLED HIS DOUBTS BY WRITING OUT THE CONTENTS OF A SEALED LETTER HE HELD IN HIS HAND. LATER INVESTIGATION ALSO SHOWED HER OTHER PREDICTIONS TO BE CORRECT...

ALL BEYOND MY POOR POWERS OF COMPREHENSION! MOLLIE, I WOULD LIKE TO CALL IN OTHER SPECIALISTS TO MAKE FURTHER TESTS...

THIS IS CERTAINLY, DOCTOR... I'LL BE GLAD TO TELL THEM ANYTHING I CAN...



IT IS A MATTER OF RECORD THAT THE SCIENTISTS WHO TESTED MOLLIE FANCHER CERTIFIED THAT HER SUPER NORMAL POWERS WERE AUTHENTIC. ON, FEB. 3, 1916, HAVING SPENT FIFTY YEARS IN BED, SHE SENT AN INVITATION TO PRESIDENT WILSON TO ATTEND HER BIRTHDAY PARTY...

A DISPATCH FROM THE PRESIDENT, MOLLIE... HE WILL BE UNABLE TO ATTEND...

OH! I AM SORRY... I HAD HOPED HE COULD MAKE IT! IT WILL BE MY LAST BIRTHDAY...



EIGHT DAYS LATER, MOLLIE FANCHER PASSED AWAY TO THE LAND OF PERMANENT SLEEP FROM WHICH NO MAN HAS EVER RETURNED... OR HAVE THEY?



THERE ARE SOME WHO SAY THAT MOLLIE HAD BEEN THERE, BEFORE! FIFTY YEARS BEFORE!



THE END

THE CRYSTAL BALL

She was clever, beautiful and extremely intelligent. Not the type to go in for that sort of thing. But she was young and impatient, and she had to know what was going to happen next. She just had to. It would make all the difference in the world in her decision.

For she had come to New York like many other young hopefuls. She had won enough contests to know that her talent was no accident. All she needed now was a break. All she needed was for someone, someone important, to notice that the third girl from the left, in the chorus, was not only good enough to understudy Janice Paget in **HEAVENSENT**, but was good enough to take the star role when Janice went on vacation.

And then she had met Nicki. When was it? Lost week? Last year? She felt she had known him forever. He wanted to marry her and she knew she would have to decide on a career or marriage. Everything in her cried out to be with Nicki. He was wealthy and handsome. Their life together would be a merry-go-round of famous vacation spots.

But first she had to be successful in her name in lights, if fate so decreed. "Ruth Nolan in **HEAVENSENT**."

The room was dark and poorly lighted. The woman behind the table was dressed like a gypsy because that was what she supposed to be, but the light in her eyes cast a shadow on her crystal ball. Ruth had never been in such a place before. She honestly didn't believe in such things. But sometimes, they say, fortune tellers have a way of knowing...

"You have met a man," the fortune teller said, "a charming man. His name, let us see, his name begins with uh-'N'?" Ruth braced herself. Her hands trembled and she shook her head, hardly believing. The fortune teller continued, "Now I see a stage .. lots of people. A girl, you, are taking bows. Your arms are filled with flowers. You are an actress?"



Again Ruth nodded, but this time she was tense. The woman had seen it all in the crystal ball. She, Ruth Nolan, was good enough. She would get the part. But the old woman was still talking. "You will be helped," she said, "someone is waiting to contact you, someone--"

Ruth stood and handed the woman two bills. Every sparkling light on Broadway was reflected in her eyes. She didn't want to hear more. These old girls were cagey. Success many times meant unhappiness. She might make it sound imperative, marriage with Nicki. Well, marriage would have to wait. If she rejected Nicki now he would come to her later.

The interview with Nicki was not pleasant. "I'm not asking you to give up your career," he pleaded. "You can be the toast of Broadway, as long as I'm the guy who gives you the inspiration."

It would be so easy to relent. In his arms it sounded so easy. But it wouldn't be that way. Someone was waiting to contact her. Someone was ready to give her the break she needed to get to the top. She was on her way to stardom. Nicki would come back. If only she didn't go soft now and ruin it all.

The end was written with bitterness. Nicki simply couldn't understand. Suppose she wasn't a success? Wouldn't it be nice to have a guy waiting at home? She couldn't tell him about the crystal ball. He might sneer. So she pretended indifference and even scorn. She said a lot of things she hoped she could take back later, because she was in love with him. But a married girl, or even a girl in love, couldn't date an important somebody who was going to further her career. It would be too complicated. So she laughed in his face, even though her heart was crying, and because she laughed, he threatened revenge. A man rebuffed is no different than a woman scorned.

She got her notice the next day at the theater. And when she tried to find out why she had been fired, the only information she could get was that Nicki Lewis, fair-haired angel of **HEAVENSENT**, and responsible for discovering half a dozen new faces, didn't think she was suited for the part.

What man has not had the nightmare? The dream of waking within the narrow blackness of a coffin, of screaming with the sudden mind shattering knowledge that he has been---

BURIED ALIVE!

TUESDAY: I MUST SET IT ALL DOWN. SITTING HERE WITH THE RAIN TAPPING SKELETON FINGERS ON MY WINDOW, I KNOW I MUST! THIS PLACE IS STRANGE. I FELT IT TONIGHT WHEN I FIRST SAW CARL HEATH AGAIN AFTER SIX YEARS.

SO YOU CAME, ABEL! I'M GRATEFUL!

YOU WROTE THAT YOU WERE IN TROUBLE. CARL, YOU'VE CHANGED! WHY, YOU'RE TREMBLING!



ABEL, I'VE LEARNED SOMETHING SINCE WE WERE AT THE UNIVERSITY TOGETHER... I'VE LEARNED-- TO BE AFRAID!



"A SERVANT, ANCIENT AS THE REMEMBRANCE OF LONG AGO, TOOK MY BAGS--AND THE WIND SEEMED TO MOAN A SIGH OF FOREBODING AS I FOLLOWED CARL TO A SHADOWY SITTING ROOM ...

YOU'VE NEVER MET MY SISTER, HAVE YOU, ABEL--THOUGH YOU'VE HEARD ME SPEAK ABOUT HER. ANGELA. THIS IS ABEL BARTON!



SHE WAS-- HOW SHALL I SAY IT--PALE WHITE-- THE GHOST OF AN ORCHID ROOTED IN DECAY. SHE SMILED AND WENT OUT. CARL AND I WERE ALONE.

CARL, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN! IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME. BUT YOU AND YOUR SISTER BOTH SEEM ILL-- AND YOU SPOKE OF BEING AFRAID -- AFRAID OF WHAT?

OF--DESTINY, MY FRIEND...



ANGELA AND I ARE ILL, AS MY FAMILY HAS BEEN ILL FOR TWO CENTURIES! WE FADE, DIE-- BUT SOMETIMES-- WE AREN'T TRULY DEAD!

CARL, YOU'RE TALKING RIDDLES



NO, ABEL, THERE HAVE BEEN MEMBERS OF MY FAMILY WHO WERE BURIED... **BEFORE THEY WERE DEAD!** THEY WERE PLACED INTO THEIR TOMB... **ALIVE!**



YOU TOLD ME THAT YEARS AGO! WHAT OF IT? I'VE HEARD OF SUCH CASES... EPILEPSY. SOMETIMES GIVES THE **APPEARANCE OF DEATH!**



NOT EPILEPSY! THE MEDICAL WORLD HAS NO NAME FOR OUR MALADY! IT HAS NO CAUSE... NO CURE! THAT'S WHY I'M AFRAID... WHY I ASKED YOU TO COME!

BUT SURELY **YOUR DOCTOR** KNOWS IF YOU'RE NEAR DEATH! CARL, WHY THIS SUDDEN PANIC? YOU'VE KNOWN ABOUT YOUR FAMILY ALL YOUR LIFE!

I KNEW... BUT SOMETIMES FEAR GROWS SLOWLY... MY DOCTOR IS A MAN OF COLD SCIENCE... HE CONCERN'S HIMSELF ONLY WITH THE ILLS OF THE FLESH!

CARL WAS IN A BAD WAY INDEED... HE BECKONED TO ME AND I FOLLOWED HIM OUT OF THE HOUSE, THROUGH A DANK, DARK GROVE INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE FIELDS BEYOND...

A... MAUSOLEUM! HERE?

THIS IS OUR FAMILY BURIAL GROUND... THIS IS WHERE I WILL BE PLACED IF I DIE! COME ALONG, ABEL...



I SAW A FEW LINKS OF CHAIN AND A METAL RING IN A COFFIN OF BRONZE! THAT... AND CARL'S EYES, BLAZING LIKE COALS IN THE DARKNESS...

THAT CHAIN LEADS TO THE HOUSE TO MY ROOM... TO AN ALARM... A BELL TO MY BED-SIDE! **NOW DO YOU UNDERSTAND...**



IF I SEEM TO BE DEAD I WILL BE BURIED HERE! BUT IF I STILL LIVE... **IF I WAKEN**, I CAN SIGNAL BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! BUT SOMEONE MUST BE IN MY ROOM! THE SIGNAL MUST BE HEARD!

SO YOU'VE CHOSEN ME? WHY, EVEN IF ALL THIS SHOULD HAPPEN... **ANGELA** WOULD HEAR...



I HAVE TO SPARE HER THAT SHOCK IF I CAN! SHE'S WEAK, ABEL. THERE'S DEATH IN MY HOUSE! I FEEL IT! STAY UNTIL I DIE! THEN STAY ON... A WEEK! THAT'S ALL I ASK! STAY ON IN MY ROOM! LIVE IN IT... AFTER I DIE!



WE WERE FRIENDS, I AGREED. BUT AFTERWARDS, EVEN IN THAT GREAT GRAVE OF A HOUSE, IT SEEMED INSANE! I PACED RESTLESSLY, IMPATIENT OF MYSELF...



I AM DOCTOR EVERETT! I STOP BY EVERY NIGHT! CARL HAS TOLD ME YOU'RE STAYING HERE! MOST MEN WOULD RUN FROM CARL HEATH!

THEN YOU KNOW ABOUT THE CHAIN... COFFIN... DOCTOR, WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?



CARL IS SUFFERING FROM A DELUSION, MR. BARTON... HE IS NO CLOSER TO DEATH THAN YOU ARE... BUT HE'S BROODED OVER HIS FAMILY HISTORY FOR SO LONG THAT HE REALLY BELIEVES HE

MAY DIE AT ANY MOMENT!

CAN IT BE, DOCTOR, THAT CARL IS MORE AFRAID OF STAYING ALIVE?



I KNOW THERE HAVE BEEN CASES OF PREMATURE BURIAL IN HIS FAMILY... BUT HE IS PERFECTLY HEALTHY! HIS FIRST CONCERN SHOULD BE ANGELA! HIS FEARS HAVE INFECTED HER, TOO!



CARL NEEDS REST, BUT HE REFUSES MEDICATION! THESE ARE SLEEPING PILLS! TRY TO GET HIM TO TAKE ONE... AND TALK TO ANGELA... SPEND AS MUCH TIME AS YOU CAN WITH HER!

I'LL DO MY BEST...



WEDNESDAY: CARL REFUSED THE PILLS! HE SAYS HE HAS NO DESIRE FOR SLEEP, AND TONIGHT I REALIZED THAT THERE IS LITTLE I CAN DO FOR ANGELA!

LEAVE HERE? BUT THIS IS MY HOME! MY BROTHER IS HERE... AND HE WILL NEVER LEAVE! NO, ABEL... WE BELONG HERE... CLOSE TO THE PAST!



THE PAST IS DUST,
ASHES! YOU MUSTN'T
LET CARL'S WILD
IDEAS INFLUENCE
YOU LIKE THIS!

MUSTN'T WE HAVE THE
SAME FLESH AND BLOOD,
CARL AND I... AND THE
SAME BELIEF THAT WHAT
MUST BE... WILL BE!

GO AWAY, ABEL, LEAVE
THIS HOUSE! CARL
AND I AREN'T OF
THE LIVING... BUT
YOU ARE! GO
AWAY BEFORE
THE THINGS THAT
HANG OVER US
ENGULF YOU,
TOO!



THURSDAY: ANGELA IS BEYOND REACH,
I HAVEN'T SEEN CARL TODAY. HE KEEPS
TO HIS ROOM, BUT TONIGHT I TRIED
AGAIN TO CONVINCE ANGELA... IT'S
HOPELESS...

THE MOONLIGHT BECOMES
ALABASTER! / ALABASTER!
THAT'S WHAT
THEY MAKE
URNS OF,
ISN'T IT, ABEL?
THE URNS THAT HOLD
THE ASHES OF
THE DEAD!



DEATH! ANGELA, IS THAT ALL
YOU AND CARL CAN THINK
OF? YOU SHOULD BE OUT
DANCING, LAUGHING WITH
YOUR BEAU! NOT SITTING
AROUND, BROODING IN
THIS MORBID PLACE!

I DO HAVE A BEAU,
ABEL! HE WAITS IN
THE DARKNESS, A
LOVER WHOSE FLESH IS
COLD, WHOSE KISSES
ICY...



YOU THINK US MAD, DON'T
YOU? BUT CARL AND I...
WE KNOW... OUR FAMILY
LINE IS CURSED! NONE
OF US LIVES TO
AN OLD AGE...

NONSENSE! THIS
ILLNESS YOU SPEAK
OF IS ONLY IMAGI-
NATION! ANGELA,
LISTEN TO ME...



FRIDAY: STILL SHE WOULDN'T LISTEN. I
DO THINK THAT SHE AND CARL ARE BE-
YOND MORTAL HELP! WAIT! SOMEONE
IS AT THE DOOR!

CARL! WHAT
IS IT?

ANGELA! IT'S
ANGELA! COME
AND SEE!



WHAT GRIM FANTASTIC IRONY! CARL LIVES... AND
ANGELA IS DEAD! SHE WAS LYING ON THE
FLOOR OF HER ROOM WHEN WE GOT THERE!



IT MUST HAVE HIT
SUDDENLY... WHATEVER
IT WAS! SHE'S GONE!
CARL, I'M SORRY!

GONE I GONE I LOOK
AT HER FACE, ABEL..
BEAUTIFUL! TOO
BEAUTIFUL TO DIE
WITHOUT LIFE...
TOO LOVELY FOR
EMPTY LIFELESS
DUST!

HER PULSE
AND HER
HEARTBEAT
HAVE...
STOPPED...
CARL, SHE'S
DEAD!

BUT HOW DO WE KNOW?
WHO KNOWS HOW FAR THE
SOUL TRAVELS WHEN IT
LEAVES THE BODY?
WHO CAN SAY
THAT IT CAN
NEVER
RETURN?

CARL, STOP IT!
HYSTERICS WON'T
HELP! I'LL CALL DOCTOR
EVERETT! HE'LL BE ABLE
TO TELL FOR CERTAIN!

LATER... THE DOCTOR WAS HERE! HE
MADE EVERY TEST, BUT CARL STILL
WILL NOT BELIEVE! HE TOOK ME TO
THE MAUSOLEUM AGAIN!

HERE... SHE MUST BE PLACED HERE,
IN THE CASKET I PREPARED FOR
MYSELF! NOWHERE
ELSE! IF SHE STILL
LIVES, I'LL KNOW!

OF COURSE
CARL... IF YOU
WANT IT LIKE
THAT... OF
COURSE!

SATURDAY: ANGELA WAS PLACED IN THE BRONZE
CASKET TODAY! POOR ANGELA! BUT NOW IT IS
CARL WHO WORRIES ME!

CARL, YOU MUST
GO TO BED! YOU
NEED REST!
TRY TO GET
SOME
SLEEP!

NO! I MUST STAY
AWAKE! THAT BELL... IF IT
RINGS, THERE WILL BE TIME.
TIME TO TAKE HER
FROM THE CASKET!

SUNDAY: MY BEDROOM
WINDOW LOOKS ACROSS A
COURT INTO CARL'S WINDOW.
I SAW HIM PACING ALL LAST
NIGHT!

CARL... YOU'VE GOT
TO REST! YOU'VE GOT TO
SLEEP!

MONDAY: FINALLY CARL
SLEPT... LAST NIGHT... ALL
NIGHT... GOOD! I'M GOING TO
HIS ROOM, TO WAKEN HIM!

CARL... CARL,
WAKE UP...
IT'S MORNING!

MORNING...
ABEL, I... I
SLEPT... BUT...
I DREAMED!

IT WAS HORRIBLE! I DREAMED
THAT ANGELA STILL LIVED! I
HEARD THE BELL AND I
TRIED TO MOVE, BUT
I COULDN'T. IT WAS AS
IF THERE WERE GREAT
WEIGHTS...
PRESSING
ME DOWN!

IT WAS A
DREAM,
CARL! YOU
KNOW THAT!

NO! NO, NOT A DREAM! IT WAS REAL!

CARL, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO THE CASKET... TO ANGELA!

LATER: THE HORROR OF IT! WE WENT TO THE MAUSOLEUM, AND IT WAS NOT A DREAM... NOT NOW...OR BEFORE!

THE SHROUD LAY IN TATTERS, HER FACE SCRATCHED AND MANGLED... AS IF SHE HAD TORN HER OWN FLESH IN AGONY OF TERROR. HOW CAN I DESCRIBE IT?

I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! IT WASN'T A DREAM! I HEARD THE BELL! BUT I COULDN'T MOVE! SHE WAS PLACED IN THE CASKET, ALIVE!

ALIVE!

NO... THERE... THERE MUST BE SOME OTHER EXPLANATION! THERE MUST BE!



BUT THERE ISN'T! THEY CAME, THE POLICE, THE DOCTOR! BUT THERE IS NO OTHER EXPLANATION...

POOR... LITTLE THING! EVERY TEST INDICATED THAT SHE WAS DEAD! BUT SHE WASN'T! SHE CAME BACK TO LIFE... AND DIED OF FEAR... AND HER STRUGGLES! BARTON, DO WHAT YOU CAN FOR CARL! WE CAN AT LEAST SAVE HIS SANITY!



SAVE CARL'S SANITY? I WISH I COULD LAUGH! WHO WILL SAVE MY SANITY? WHO CAN I TALK TO? HOW CAN I FIND A WAY TO EASE MY SOUL?

HOW CAN I FORGET THE SLEEPING PILL I PUT IN CARL'S DRINKING WATER LAST NIGHT? THE PILL THAT KEPT HIM CHAINED TO HIS BED... WHILE ANGELA STRUGGLED AND DIED IN HER TOMB?



THE END



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2. PRETEND	11. ANNA
3. WILD HORSES	12. RUBY
4. TILL I WALTZ AGAIN WITH YOU	13. SAY YOU'RE MINE AGAIN
5. YOUR CHEATIN' HEART	14. SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD
6. TELL ME YOU'RE MINE	15. SEVEN LONELY DAYS
7. I BELIEVE	16. CAN'T I
8. TELL ME A STORY	17. THE SONG FROM MOULIN ROUGE (WHERE IS YOUR HEART?)
9. WOMEN HATE ME	18. CARAVAN

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2. I'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS WORLD ALIVE	11. A FOOL SUCH AS I
3. I LET THE STARS GET IN MY EYES	12. BACK STREET
4. YOUR CHEATIN' HEART	13. MIDNITE
5. THE GAL WHO INVENTED KISSING	14. I'LL GO ON ALONE
6. I DON'T KNOW	15. I'D TRADE ALL MY TOMORROWS
7. NO HELP WANTED	16. KAW-LIGA
8. EDDY'S SONG	17. CONDEMNED WITHOUT TRIAL
9. HOT ROD MAMA	18. THAT'S ME WITHOUT YOU

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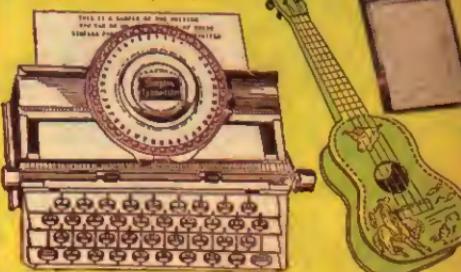
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